

you are not alone (you are right at home) by chasingflower

Category: IT (2017), Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alive Georgie Denbrough, Crossover, Gen, Light Angst, all the kids in st have a speaking roll i just didnt want to clog the tags, for some background mike moved to derry and is friends with the kids in the losers gang, georgie didnt die!!!! he was in the upside down

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Summary:

Mike's reeling. "Georgie's been missing for a year, El," he says, and his voice is strained. "How do you know?"

"Because he told me, Mike. He's still there, but he's alive." She says, and something in the way she says it sounds final. "We should be there tomorrow."

(Or: El and the kids come over to help Mike find Georgie Denbrough)

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Author's Note:

title from the song light in the hallway by pentatonix

It's terrible when it happens. The timing is *awful*. Mike takes a sip of water while he watches his friends (his new ones, because he's lucky enough to have made so many friends so fast) and he's struck by the mundanity of how everything is. His phone buzzes, and he goes to read what it says, so he doesn't have to juggle texting while also taking notes in class, when he can just as well answer texts during lunch.

El: Georgie's still alive

Mike chokes and his vision goes a little blurry. His friends stop their conversation immediately and look at him with a look of confusion. He doesn't let them ask anything, already shaking his head and standing up. He's not going to class. "Sorry," he says, breathless, and he looks down when his phone buzzes again.

El: we're all coming up

Mike stands abruptly.

"Wait, what the fuck –"

"Mike–"

"What's going on? –"

He's out of the cafeteria before he even thinks about answering their questions of alarm. He dials El's number.

"Mike," she says, and she doesn't sound surprised.

"El, what the fuck, what do you mean he's alive." He says, and he sounds winded even though he hasn't done anything. There's a pause on the line while she tries to come up with the correct words.

“You sent the picture, remember?” she says. “Will came over, with the others, and said that he recognized him from Before.”

There’s a sinking feeling in his gut. “The Upside Down.”

“Yes,” she says, and he knows she’s nodding. “I went looking for him. I told him his brother loved him. That we were going to come help.”

Mike’s reeling. “He’s been missing for a year, El,” he says, and his voice is strained. “How do you know?”

“Because he told me, Mike. He’s still there, but he’s alive.” She says, and something in the way she says it sounds final. “We should be there tomorrow.”

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Lucas looks at them in resignation. “So we’re really going to the haunted house? Where there may or may not be a murder clown that harassed not only Mike’s new friends, but Will’s dad?” He sounds tired but unsurprised. “Do we have Steve’s bat, at least?”

There are a few titters, but it’s Will who speaks. “We’ve got El. I think we’re fine.”

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“Okay, and he’s missing an arm? Is that it?” Dustin says, as they move through the sewers. Mike gives him a look. “I’m just asking, God.”

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“You guys? This is awful.” Max says, and it’s met with the following:

“*You think?*”

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It’s when they get to the house where the start to slow down. Dustin’s grip on the bat tightens, El stands taller. She closes her eyes, and the party pauses while she does this. She opens them, and looks ahead.

“He’s in there. Alone.”

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“Georgie!” They all call as they go into the house. It’s gross and disgusting, and more than once does Mike wonder why he’s here, when Will took refuge in Castle Byers.

It takes a long time. It seems like they’ve been to every room, every possible spot in the house, when they hear a creaking. They all whip around, Dustin’s mumbled *shit shit shits* under his breath, and see who they came to save.

Georgie Denbrough looks at them, eyes wide, and says with a raspy voice, “Who’re you?”

They stay put, as if frozen. It’s Will who speaks. “Hey, Georgie,” he begins, voice even, and a shoot of pride for his friend (his *best* friend) goes through Mike. “D’you remember me? We were only together for a short time before we got separated –”

But he’s cut off by a choked noise from Georgie himself. “Will,” he says, and his voice is still raspy from disuse, but he looks relieved. “Will, is that you?”

Will nods, carefully, and takes a step forward. Georgie looks at him like he’s never seen anyone in months (with a truly terrible feeling, Mike realizes that this is true). “Am I dead?”

Mike can’t see Will’s face, but he knows it isn’t good. “No,” he says, and while it isn’t harsh, it’s got less cushion in it than his words have before. “No, and my friends and I are here to help you. We’re going to get you out, so you can see Bill again.”

Georgie’s eyes widen further and cloud with tears. “They haven’t forgotten me yet?” And he sounds so young, he was only eight when he was taken, now only nine, and it’s painful for everyone.

“No,” but this time it’s Mike who speaks. Georgie looks at him. “No, Georgie, they haven’t.” He swallows, and continues, voice thick. “I’m friends with Bill, and they haven’t forgotten you at all.

“They miss you so much, Georgie.” Mike continues, and it looks like Georgie’s crying. He wipes his nose with his sleeve and sniffs loudly, and looks at them all.

“I want to go home,” he says, voice croaky. “Please.”

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It takes less time to get back to the entrance than they had anticipated. Georgie talks sometimes, too, and looks at them as if they aren’t only fourteen but instead like adults or heroes or something. He says once, “There was a clown. He, he told me he would give me the stupid boat back, but then he d-didn’t. and I came here.” They ignore the obvious missing chunk of the story and El answers.

“He’s gone.”

“Really?”

The party pauses a little, a slight lull to their steps. Mike watches as Dustin and Lucas share a look, watches as Will bites his lip, watches as Max fiddles with the keys.

“Promise.” Eleven says, and it’s final.

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They’re sitting by the car as they argue over what they’re going to do.

“Do we call someone? An ambulance?” Mike says, looking at Georgie as he gets paler and paler, his missing right arm blaringly apparent. “We need to make sure he’s not sick.”

“But we *also* need to make sure we don’t get fucking *arrested*,” Dustin says, and he waves back at the house. “We come from the middle of nowhere and show up with Georgie, who’s been *missing* for over a year.” He’s not exactly shouting, but his volume isn’t quiet.

“Should we call the police?”

Dustin rounds on Max. “Did you *not* hear what I said?”

“I did, *moron*, but what if we call Hopper?” Max retaliates, and they freeze.

“That’s not actually a bad idea.”

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In the end, they end up driving twenty-five over and come to a stop at the hospital. They’re dirty, muddy and wet, with not an insignificant amount of blood between the seven of them. They let Georgie lean next to them, eyes shut, and they all move to the receptionist desk.

She looks horrified when she sees the lot of them, but her face goes white when Mike opens his mouth to explain.

“We, we were kidnapped,” he starts, following along to the lie they’d all formulated. “But we got away, we escaped, but he needs help,” and here he allows for some desperation to flood into his voice. “Georgie needs help.”

He’s whisked away in a blink, and when the nurse starts asking Mike more questions, he asks them, “Please, is he going to be okay? I’m friends with his brother, I don’t want anything else to happen to him,” and he realizes somewhere in his panic that he isn’t faking anymore. He fumbles through his tears to answer, the receptionist asking calmly what Georgie’s last name is for the records. “Denbrough,” he says, voice thick again. “It’s Georgie Denbrough.”

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Mike calms down enough that El gives him his phone back. The nurse who’d taken Georgie had looked at the group and let them all sit in Georgie’s room, and told them that he’d be just fine.

Will thinks they’re calling the police first, before Georgie’s family.

Mike thinks this is bullshit.

He dials the number and calls his friend.

Bill picks up on the first ring, even though he knows he’s supposed to

be in class (prealgebra). “Mike? What, what, what’s wrong, why’d you walk out, walk out like t-that? It’s been four, four, four days, Mike, are you o-o-okay?” and he sounds so fucking worried that Mike feels like the lowest of the low. His lower lip shakes and he wants to answer, but the phone’s taken from him by Will.

“Mike’s fine.” Will says, voice even and soothing. “There was a thing that happened, but it’s okay now. We’re in the hospital –” here, mike can hear the rise in bill’s tone, and his stutter comes out louder and worse. Mike takes the phone back.

“I’m fine. It’s not for me –”

“B-b-but you’re in the, the, the, h-h-hospital, Mike,” he says, and he sounds pained and worried and Mike wants to die a little.

“Because it’s for Georgie, Bill,” he says, and he hears him go dead silent. “It’s, he’s alive, we found him, but he’s alive and he’s right here, in the hospital, Bill, I promise you, I’m not lying –” and Mike’s talking fast, basically pleading though the phone, and it’d be embarrassing if it weren’t in front of his friends (they’ve seen too much shit to be concerned about fucking crying in front of each other – namely when Will was fucking possessed, but the point still stands), but it isn’t so he wipes his nose and intends to keep going, keep explaining until Bill answers back, but he’s interrupted by the beeping of the monitor and Georgie Denbrough’s voice asking, “Is that Bill?”

He cuts himself off immediately, and it’s enough to give himself whiplash. Max answers, gives an affirmative, and then Georgie looks to Mike with his wide eyes, and he’s handing the phone over before he can even think to ask.

El comes to him instantly. She looks him in the eye and says, softly, “It’s okay.”

He looks up at her with cloudy eyes and believes it’s the truth.

Author's Note:

thank u so much for reading!!! my tumblr is

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